

Where are your B I S H O P S now ?

O R,

Church of England's Sorrowful Lamentation.



WHEN will the Spirit of *Dissention* cease? When shall the peaceful Dove find a resting-place for the Soles of her Feet? Some airy Fiend sure hovers over this Island, and scatters Poison wherever he comes; *Noise, Clamour, and groundless Jealousie*, rage every where; *Brotherly-Love and Goodfellowship* are banish'd from among us, and nothing now is seen but *Party-Malice, Fury and Distraction*.

In the Reign of the late good and pious QUEEN, *Obedience* was preach'd up to a high Degree, and was countenanced and abetted as long as it served as a *Stalking-Horse to Preferment*: But now, in the Reign of a no less good and pious King, a King who has publicly declared, *That he will preserve the Rites of the Church, and maintain the Laws Liberty and Property of the People*; *Obedience* is lookt upon as a Bug-bear, and Esteem'd an Encroachment upon the Subjects, even by most of those, who so warmly and eagerly Debated and Harangued in its own defence. What can be the cause of such an Alteration? What, alas! but the Temptation of *Satan*, namely the Allurements of the World, and a too furious Thirst and Pursuit after *Wealth and great Places*. Can such Men be true Sons of the Church, who thus Wound her in the most tender part? No, no; such *Hypocrites, such out side Christians*, who make a Mock of *Religion*, do manifest themselves to be the *Worldly Sons of Belial*.

'Tis scarce possible to describe the Hurry and Confusion that an idle Report, a designing and Seditious Tale did occasion upon the *Royal Exchange*, some time since. How attentively did a drove of Factious Persons prick up their Asses's Ears, and listen to the false News of the Lord Bishop of *London's* being Ordered to be sent to the *Tower*! How did they hug themselves with the vain hope of a dreadful Consequence from such a Proceeding! Tho' at the same time his Lordship was prick'd down for one of his Majesty's *Privy Counsellors*, and has since taken his Seat at the Board.

Most People know that his Lordship is Zealous for the *Church*, and has done unspeakable Service for his *Country*: And it is also evident that he desired to be recalled, when some certain Negotiations and Transactions then on Foot, were by Him adjudged not to be Advantageous, but rather prejudicial to the Constitution of *Great-Britain*. With what face then can they appear, who so easily gave way to the groundless Rumour of his Lordships Commitment to the *Tower*? They must either own that they are fomentors of *Divisions*, or acknowledge themselves to be credulous Fools: And sure he that has any Sense will avoid such dangerous *Animals, Knaves and Idiots*.

Monarchy and Episcopacy, Church and State are so closely interwoven, their Interest and Welfare linked together, that I do not see how they can possibly exist, if they are separated. They resemble two sticks set upright, which mutually support each other; but if you take away one, that which remains will of Necessity fall to the Ground. This is what has been fatally Experimented in this Nation; and as a House divided against it self can never stand, sure the *Church* has substantial Reason to Lament, when too many, either ignorantly, or with premeditated Mischief, endeavour a Breach, and Wound her tender sides. Jealousy and Mistrust are the Parents of future Evils, and they who go about to instil false Notions and groundless Apprehensions in the Minds of People, will deservedly pull an old House on their own Heads, and dearly suffer for their treasonable Practices.

Where are the Bishops now? some of them in the greatest Posts of Honour, others sitting under their own Vines, and all of them in general are safe and free from any Apprehensions of danger. There is no endeavouring to infringe their Rites or Liberties; they have a good and gracious King to redress their Grievances, if any should arise, but there is no grounds for such a Supposition; let *Envy* cease, and *Malice* be confounded. In short, some are at the *Council-Board*, and the rest where their proper Occasions require 'em

Printed for J. Harris in *Gracechurch-street*.

Price One Penny.